

Vol. 1

MARCH 1907

No. 3

THE OCCULT

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

NEW THOUGHT,

PSYCHIC RESEARCH

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS

EDITED BY



MRS DAN M. DAVIDSON



MAN FAILETH
THROUGH IGNORANCE





MRS. MAGGIE WAITE.



The Occult Motto:

“Onward! to Progression’s
Mountain top.”



Entered as Second-Class matter, February 4th, 1907, at the Postoffice at
Detroit, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

BY THE WAY.

Hints for April: Don't miss *THE OCCULT*, for it will be just stuffed with heaps and heaps of good things; they are coming every day—original and written for *THE OCCULT*.

Will J. Edwards, "The Interior Man," will just make you gasp for breath, and B. F. Austin, oh! well! everybody knows him—his writings are simply "grand."

Say, I won't tell you whose picture will appear in April, but you will be surprised, I'll bet.

A representative of *THE OCCULT* recently received an invitation to visit the "Love, Light and Truth Club," of Toledo, Ohio, conducted by Dr. Lyle, and found a band of faithful workers along the "New Thought" lines. Success be with them.

The Editor of this magazine wishes to call the attention of its readers to the wonderful work of Prof. N. H. Eddy, the astrologer, whose article along this line appears on another page of *THE OCCULT*. His character readings are something marvelous.

How to Unfold Our Psychic Powers are the lessons Mrs. Davidson has been teaching personally to her pupils for years at \$5.00 per term, consisting of four lessons, but she has now decided to give them printed to any one subscribing to *THE OCCULT* for the small sum of fifty cents extra. For \$1.25 you will receive *THE OCCULT* for one year and the same four lessons (quarterly) she has charged \$5.00 for when given privately.

Many thanks, dear ones, for the large lists of subscribers you so kindly sent us and now let us hope we may do still greater things in the near future. Let us pull all together and keep *THE OCCULT* as it is, the leading New Thought Magazine. There will be no question about it if you, sweethearts, will only just continue to work for its advancement. Who can tell of its tremendous possibilities if we only all concentrate together for its success. Remember, every subscription you send in counts one more towards the **\$10.00 IN GOLD**.

Dear Friends: Write to us; we love you and are interested in your success; tell us all about it; we do not know it all. We are not too old to learn, and your very letter may be the means of helping some one to grasp the beautiful "New Thought."

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We notify you when your subscription expires (watch your wrappers, it will appear thereon), but we will not discontinue yours unless notified to do so.

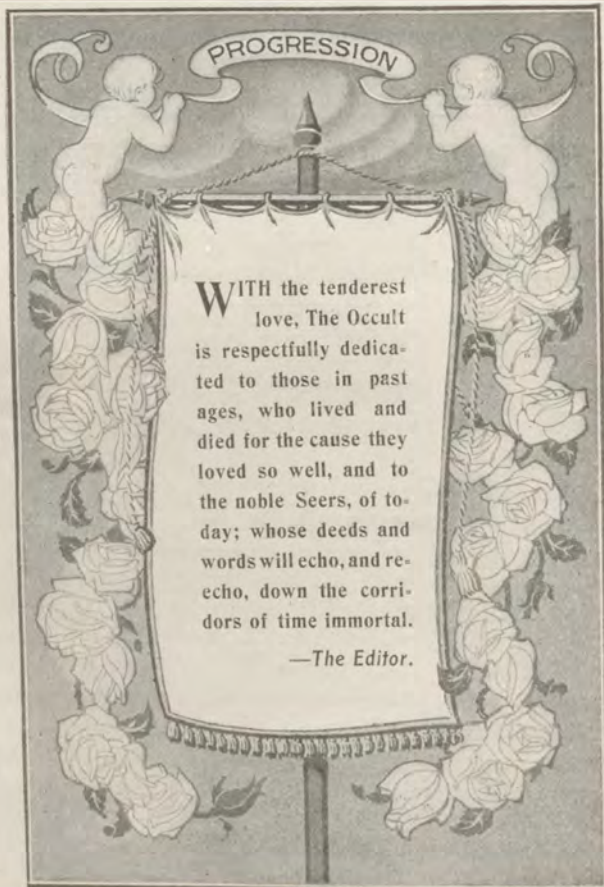
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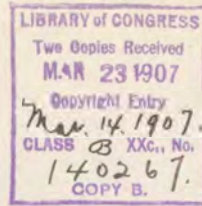
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All articles, poems, etc., intended for The Occult must be original and written for The Occult.



WITH the tenderest
love, The Occult
is respectfully dedica-
ted to those in past
ages, who lived and
died for the cause they
loved so well, and to
the noble Seers, of to-
day; whose deeds and
words will echo, and re-
echo, down the corri-
dors of time immortal.

—The Editor.



THE OCCULT

God helps him who helps himself.

Vol. 1.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1907.

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LIVE IN THE NOW.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

Oh! why must the human heart forever keep up the cry: more, more—give us more? Why in the name of humanity can we not accept the good that lies in wait? Why must we be always grasping for something just out of our reach? Why not live today? The tomorrow will take care of itself. Why are we forever living in the past—in the dead past which leaves its footprints upon the brow and turns the raven locks white as the snows of winter, which brings on old age, long before its time and marks our footsteps to the grave?

What might have been, is the cry from human hearts sent forth into this great universe, only to return with its cruel message of sorrow, pain and death. Oh! loved ones, let us bury the past, with all its storms, its clouds, its pain and sorrow in a grave so deep and dark that even time can never resurrect; let it sink down, down, deep into oblivion, only treasuring from out its depths the sweet memory of the loved ones who have proven true. God forbid that we should ever forget a friend.

Oh! let us live today in the beautiful sunlight of truth, wisdom and knowledge. Let us build for ourselves a temple which will only receive within its sanctuary the roses of life which bloom along the way.

Oh! may we find there is something in this great, big world to live for besides brooding over the past, or railing at fate because we have not the same opportunities our neighbor has. Why not use the gifts the great Father has given us, use them today—**now—right here**, and see if we are not one step in advance, one round of the ladder higher than the one we have been envying. We each have the human brain and if we properly unfold the tiny little cells therein, to what heights may we not attain?

Let each and every one turn the searchlight within and find, if hidden there, in some long-forgotten corner, is not a ray of hope, a glimpse of sunshine. See, dear one, we do not find life half so dark as we at first thought. Just think how happy you are this beautiful morning, with a heart as free and joyous as the birds which sing so sweetly, only echoing to the music of the spheres, sending out into this great universe only thoughts which will return laden with the fruits of love.

Let us count the many blessings we have to be thankful for, always seeing the God-light which shines from every face we meet. Let us take the first step today in our efforts to live in the **now**, forgetting yesterday, thinking not of the morrow, for today is the day I am to be happy. Today I must find some poor soul whose burden I may lighten, and when the night shadows gather around us, oh! may I feel I have at least done my duty, and when I lay this weary form to rest let me be able to say: "I have not lived in vain today." Oh! there are many rifts in the clouds of life through which the sunlight gladly peeps and when we, by chance, look back to this one day's work how happy we will be to catch the vibration of these crimson rays which smile so sweetly from the past, while its acts and words will be a joyous echo to which memory will gladly respond.

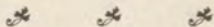
When we are tempted to rail at fate because our lot has not been cast among the gilded halls of wealth, oh! dear one, turn with me and look within, while we ask the question: "What have I to make life happy?" One by one let us make a mental note of all the blessings which today has brought to us and when the morrow comes again let us rise with this thought firmly seated: "I will begin my day's work as 'Old Sol' begins his. I will welcome the whole world with a smile and in my heart I will carry the sweet song of the birds, God's happy children, and when eventime comes again I will go to my repose in triumph—as the sun sinks to quiet rest beyond the golden horizon, leaving behind me a trail marked by the roses

of life, feeling that not one word or act of mine has cast a shadow over my brother man or sister woman.

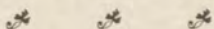
Let us follow in the footsteps
Of the wise, the good and true;
Always looking for the joys
Which each day will bring anew.

Let us send a loving message
To the ones bowed down with pain;
Let us guide their weary footsteps
Back to joy and peace again.

Let our thoughts go forth in gladness
As the bird upon the wing;
And our words of loving kindness
Down the corridors of time will ring.



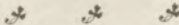
*"That which is unfit to be done on Sunday,
is unfit for any day in the week."—Will J. Er-
wood.*



ABOUT THE FOURTH FINGER.

From the Baldwin Scrap-Book.

The wedding ring is almost invariably placed on the fourth finger of the left hand, and all because many centuries ago the Egyptians believed that a certain small artery proceeded directly from the heart to the termination of that digit. In the "Attick Nights" we read: "The motion of this artery may be felt by touching this finger to the pulse, it being an index in cases of sickness or where persons are weary or overworked, always informing when the heart is overburdened or offended." Further on in the same article he says: "This finger rarely hath gout on account of the sympathy and neighborhood it hath with the heart. It is the first finger that a new-born babe is able to move and the last of which the dying man loesth control. It is also the one last to swell when the vital heat is abating in one that is passing over."



The Journey of Death.

By Chart A. Pitt.

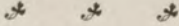
Written for THE OCCULT.

When the lights burn low, and the restless tide
Runs out, from the sedgy shore,
And the weary watchers turn, from his side—
They think, all his trials are o'er.

But he knows not the worth of his untried bark,
And dreads to launch away;
And tarries, long, by the waters, dark,
Ere, he journeys, across the bay.

They go down, to its waters, one by one,
From their moorings, here, cut free;
And they launch their barks, where the breakers run,
To sail, o'er a sunless sea.

Soft, through the night, comes the subtle change,
Like the drawing of a breath;
And they're bound together, in common chains;
On the journey that men call "Death."





STRANGE DREAMS AND COMMENTS THEREON.

By B. F. Austin, B. A.

(Continued.)

Written for THE OCCULT.

DR. SEFORD COOPER, of 9 Henrietta street, Cavendish Square, W., London, relates in proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research, vol. XI. p. 505, the following precognitive dream, attested also by the Duchess of Hamilton, who had the dream:

A fortnight before the death of the late Earl of L—, in 1882, I called upon the Duke of Hamilton, in Hill street, to see him professionally. After I had finished seeing him, we went into the drawing-room, where the duchess was, and the duke said to me, "Oh, Cooper, how is the earl?"

The duchess said: "What earl?" and on my answering, "Lord L—," she replied: "That is very odd. I have had a most extraordinary vision. I went to bed, but after being in bed a short time, I was not exactly asleep, but thought I saw a scene as if from a play before me. The actors in it were Lord L—, in a chair, as if in a fit, with a man standing over him with a red beard. He was by the side of a bath, over which bath a red lamp was distinctly shown."

I then said, "I am attending Lord L— at present; there is very little the matter with him; he is not going to die; he will be all right very soon."

Well, he got better for a week and was nearly well, but at the end of six or seven days after this, I was called to see him suddenly. He had inflammation of both lungs.

I called in Sir William Jenner, but in six days he was a dead man. There were two male nurses attending on him; one had been taken ill. But when I saw the other the dream of the duchess was exactly represented. He was standing near a bath over the earl and, strange to say, his beard was red. There was the bath with the red lamp over it. It is rather rare to find a bath with a red lamp over it, and this brought the story to my mind.

The vision seen by the duchess was told two weeks before the death of Lord L—. It is a most remarkable thing.

This account, written in 1888, has been revised by the (late) Duke of Manchester, father of the Duchess of Hamilton, who heard the vision from his daughter on the morning after she had seen it.

(Signed.) MARY HAMILTON.

ALFRED COOPER.

Her Grace has been reading and had just blown out the candle. Her Grace has had many dreams which have come true years after.

The duchess only knew Lord L— by sight, and had not heard that he was ill. She knew she was not asleep, for she opened her eyes to get rid of the vision, and, shutting them, saw the same thing again.

The following narrative is from the pen of Mr. Haggard, of the British Consulate, Trieste, Austria, and found in the same volume of the society's proceedings:

A few months ago I had an extraordinary vivid dream, and waking up, repeated it to my wife at once. All I dreamt actually occurred about six weeks afterward, the details of my dream falling out exactly as dreamt.

There seems to have been no purpose whatsoever in the dream and one cannot help thinking, what was the good of it?

I dreamt that I was asked to dinner by the German Consul-General, and accepting, was ushered into a large room with trophies of East African arms on shields against the walls.

(N. B.—I have myself been a great deal in East Africa.)

After dinner I went to inspect the arms, and amongst them saw a beautifully gold-mounted sword which I pointed out to the French Vice-Consul—who at that moment joined me—as probably having been a present from the Sultan of Zanzibar to my host the German Consul-General.

At that moment the Russian Consul came up too. He pointed

out how small was the hilt of the sword and how impossible in consequence it would be for a European to use the weapon, and whilst talking he waved his arm in an excited manner over his head as if he was wielding the sword, and to illustrate what he was saying.

At that moment I woke up and marveled so at the vividness of the dream that I woke my wife up too, and told it to her.

About six weeks afterwards my wife and myself were asked to dine with the German Consul-General, but the dream had long been forgotten by us both.

We were shown into a large drawing-room which I had never been in before, but which somehow seemed familiar to me. Against the wall were some beautiful trophies of East African arms, amongst which was a gold hilted sword, a gift to my host from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

To make a long story short, everything happened exactly as I had dreamt—but I never remembered the dream until the Russian Consul began to wave his arm over his head, when it came back to me like a flash.

Without saying a word to the Russian Consul and French Vice-Consul (whom I left standing before the trophy), I walked quickly across to my wife, who was standing at the entrance to a boudoir opening out of the withdrawing room, and said to her: "Do you remember my dream about the Zanzibar arms? She remembered everything perfectly, and was a witness to its realization. On the spot we informed all the persons concerned of the dream, which naturally much interested them.

This account is amply confirmed by Mr. Haggard, to whom the dream was narrated immediately after its occurrence, and also by the German Consul-General at Trieste.

These dreams are also typical of a large class in which strikingly accurate description or prophecy of future events is given either by symbol or vision or, more generally, by a seemingly actual occurrence in the dream of what is to take place in reality, weeks or months afterwards.

These dreams present a double problem to the psychologist: First, how can anything be known in advance of its occurrence? and, second, how is this knowledge imparted to the dreamer?

Is it by the unaided action of his own spiritual powers? By some prophetic sense of coming events, possessed more largely by the prophet and seer, yet latent in the soul of every man and awakened in the dream state? Is it a truth, not a poetic fancy, that "coming events cast their shadows before?" and that in dreams we are

able to perceive and interpret these shadows as we cannot in our waking life?

Or, are we to interpret these as the revelations of spirit intelligences, given for instruction, warning, comfort? As far as our study of the question extends we see no reason for rejecting either of these views as they are capable of easy reconciliation with each other, and with the narratives of precognitive dreams.

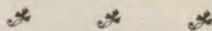
Prof. James. Dear Sir—I am informed that you are at the head of the Boston branch of the English Society of Psychical Research, and beg to call your attention to a singular incident which took place near here some time ago, and which has never been chronicled. It is, in brief, as follows:

* A young man of this place, J. L. Squires, by name, was at work on the farm of T. L. Johnson, with another young man, Wesley Davis, who was one day far from the buildings, mending fence around a large pasture. Squires was not with him nor had he ever been far into the pasture. At some time during the day Davis lost his watch and chain from the vest pocket, and although he searched diligently, could not find it, as he had no idea as to the probable locality of the watch. Although only a silver watch, Davis worked for a living and could hardly afford its loss.

In his sympathy for his friend, Squires could not keep his mind off the watch, and after two or three days' thinking of it, went to bed one night still thinking of it. During the night he had a dream, or vision, as we may call it, and saw the watch lying on the ground with the chain in a peculiar position; rocks, trees, and all the surroundings were perfectly plain to him. Telling his story at the breakfast table, he was, of course, well laughed at, but being so convinced that he could go straight to the watch, he saddled a horse and found it exactly as he expected to.

All the parties concerned are wholly honest and reliable. I will have a detailed statement sworn to if you would like it.

JOHN E. GALE,
Cullford, Vermont.



*"I will walk one thousand miles to join a church which believes in God and humanity."—
A. Lincoln.*



FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

By Anna L. Gillespie.

Written for THE OCCULT.

A story is told in old Judean days of a large gathering of people who were searching for truth and questioning as to whom should glory be given. We read that a Teacher of Good, named Jesus, placed a little child in their midst and said "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." We do not read that the child belonged to any favored class, was rich or great by heritage of birth. Christian or heathen. Gentile or Jew, black or white. We only know it was one of the "little ones," and when we look in a child's sweet, earnest face, we can believe that the kingdom is not far away. The heritage of original good shows clearly in the child face, the evil comes with its shadow lines, only after the years of association with the world's pupils.

Then, too, we do not play fair with them even when they depend on us so thoroughly. We tell them falsehoods, because we are so busy we have no time to explain the answers to their questions, we leave them to learn the mystery of life and birth, in its coarsest form from idle companions of the street corners, instead of teaching them the true meaning of life at our firesides. I hold that if a child is taught the sacredness of his body, he will never abuse it—and taught this before it is too late.

Fathers and mothers, why not make chums of your children, sharing their pleasures and mistakes? Be good friends in every sense of the word. Don't scold when they bring their faults and failures to you, but help them to climb by your faith in them. Tell them you still trust them, and nine times out of ten they will strive to be worthy of your confidence. Poor little souls, so long and weary the road stretches out before them, so many temptations, so many broken faiths. No wonder the little feet grow weary, the heart sick and discouraged, and the kingdom of Heaven seems far away.

The teachings of the nearness of our spirit friends is a help to the young. Let them feel that no step in life is taken without the companionship of the angel loved ones, and they will be careful to never offend the purity of the unseen visitors who are with them. Teach them that the angels never carry one single soul heavenward, but that those who travel in that direction never walk alone. Surely it will help a boy to do right if he knows the mother, sister, or friend, whom he has loved is with him, guarding and seeking to direct his steps aright and the young girl will feel a double security and strength when left to battle with the world alone, if assured that she has still the comradeship of her dearest who are still her nearest ones. Do this and our children will keep the Far Country in view and never be out of sight of its starlighted gates. We teach our children the grandeur of dying for our faith, but is it not better to teach them to live for it? The poet has said:

"So he died for his faith. That is fine,
More than the most of us do.
Say, can you add to that line
What he lived for, in too?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim,
From bravado or pride, or passion.
How was it with him?

"But to live every day and to be
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends meet his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt.

"Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived,
Never mind how he died."

So it is living that our children should be made ready for, not dying; and no religion of fear should ever draken the sunshine of their lives nor fill them with dread of the great Principal of eternal Good, of which each is a part. Teach them to be true to their fellow men and they will be true to the greatest. Teach them the law of kindness, and they will never betray a sister or brother. The incentive to destroy will not have a place in their hearts; but will only struggle to build and make this world better for their having lived. Teach them the justice that grants no special privileges to the few but makes humanity, regardless of sex or position, under the same immutable law of cause and effect. Study with them. No one can teach children without finding they themselves are only students, and will stand astounded at the problems propounded by the young and active minds of the youthful questioner. Also take heed lest we offend one of these little ones by our answers and lead them astray. Better confess to ignorance than direct them wrong through our fear of being found lacking in wisdom, but we may learn together, and with earnest quest find their young minds lead to the palaces of wisdom that we missed by our world-dimmed eyes.

O! kingdom of heaven of child life, how far away thou art, and in the shadow of the aftermath of life with all our hopes dim and too tired to build new ones, we look back at you and long with an unutterable longing for your white peace. But it may not be, and all there is left for us is, to walk as near the inhabitants of the beautiful country, as we can, and help to keep their feet from straying where thorns and night shade grow. Let us remember them and work for them. We have not always done our duty by them, but we have loved them, and in the light of the present day will grow to a better understanding of our duty in the matter of helping them to help themselves.

That larger church, humanitarianism, is coming to the front, and while many a little one is overburdened by the greed of his taskmaster, and many a little life crushed out 'neath the Juggernaut of poverty and dire necessity, yet the rights of children are steadily assuming a position in the economics of today, and they are being considered of more value and too great a factor in the world's future weal to destroy. As the theory of infant damnation is now called too hideous to tolerate longer, so the torturing of their little bodies, the dwarfing of their intellect, is fast becoming too gross a sin for thinking men and women to tolerate.

The children's day is coming, and the new era of progress will give to them a better manhood and truer womanhood, and in that day all men will walk close to The Kingdom.

"If God should wink at a single act of injustice, the whole universe would shrivel up like a cast-off snake skin."

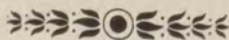


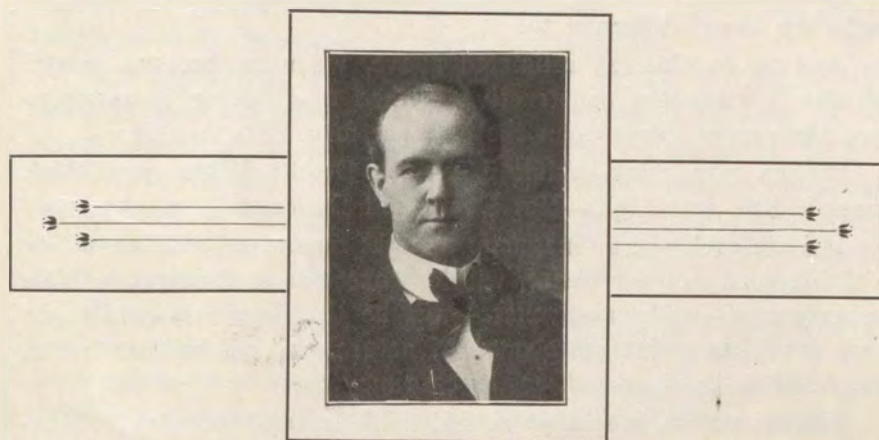
MRS. MAGGIE WAITE.

Mrs. Maggie Waite, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece in this magazine, was born in the city of New York, of Roman Catholic parentage, but at an early age they moved to San Francisco, where Maggie was placed in a convent to receive her education, and it was while there that she received her first glimpse of what she was destined to become in the future—a faithful worker in the beautiful cause of truth—and as soon as she was freed from the confining walls of the convent she began her study of the psychic powers which until now had lain dormant within, her longing to become a blessing to humanity was irresistible, and the following will prove how well she has succeeded. How the name of Maggie Waite has become known from East to West, from North to South of this great United States.

In 1892, while still in California, she was ordained a minister in the cause she loved so well, and in 1896 she was again ordained in Pennsylvania. She has been an enthusiastic worker for the N. S. A., but for the last five years she has been permanently located in Chicago, Ill., as pastor of the Metropolitan Spiritual Society. Mrs. Waite is ready and willing to respond wherever her pastoral work may call her. During the summer season she is kept very busy doing camp work, ever ready to follow the dictation of the Angel World.

THE EDITOR.





IN THE REALM OF THOUGHT—NO. II.

CONSTRUCTIVE THINKING.

By Will J. Erwood.

Written for THE OCCULT.

"Thoughts are Things": This is the assertion of the leading writers of optimistic and constructive philosophy today, and more and more do the observations along life's highway seem to point to the correctness of this idea. We begin to see the real relationship between thought and action—between thought and deed—and, seeing this, realize that what is needed is to know the difference between constructive and destructive thinking.

As a matter of fact, I believe that all things come under the pale of atomic law and, reasoning thus, that every thought is simply an atom of the mind, of which atoms we construct a strong or inferior mental capacity, as the case may be; and that there is much need of consecutive thinking—thinking related thoughts—seems so self-evident to me as to admit of no denial.

Man does not discover new forces—he simply awakens to a realization of the presence of the forces which have always existed; he recognizes facts in nature, hence thought is the recognition of that which has always been, though perhaps not obvious to all mankind. Thus in talking of, and discovering, the relationship between the mental and physical man—between the thing first recognized mentally, and then evolved objectively—we are simply taking cognizance of a fact that has always existed in nature.

And we are face to face with the necessity of applying the truths we have awakened to.

And to do this, as intimated above, we must become mental "builders," using the constructive method of thinking in order to have the proper effect upon the external man. To do this:

"When you think—think **Life**—not Death; When you think transmit Life and Light—Not Death and Darkness."

We are each one a "magnetic thought separator," and according to the intensity of our desire, will, or conscious soul power, will be the extent of our attractiveness—will be the degree in which we draw from the great storehouse of nature, the mental pattern of that which is good or evil, as the case may be.

That is why it is said we should think "related thoughts." Mental depression is always productive of depression in others—and once we have allowed the gloom of depression and pessimism to lodge in our mentality, there is drawn to us a horde of depressing mental pictures, which simply intensify our misery, and that of those with whom we come in contact. That is because depression is related to darkness and despair.

On the other hand, sunshine in the mind—optimism, cheerfulness and their concomitants are productive of all that is desirable in the way of effort and progress. Courage, justice, sympathy, generosity, all are elements which make for progress, and are related. These, concentrated in a steady stream upon the object for which one labors, means constructive thinking and success—for all that is productive of harmonious action between mind and body is constructive.

Here is what I mean by concentrative power: Some years ago I spent much time in Los Angeles, California, where I had many friends. Some miles from Los Angeles there is a large observatory, in which there was a searchlight of great power and brilliancy. Sometimes, after the shadows of evening had fallen o'er the surrounding country, the concentrated power, or light of this searchlight would sweep, in a powerful shaft of brilliancy, over the surrounding country—and, particularly, the near-by cities.

On numerous occasions, the writer and some of his friends would, on the balmy evenings, visit some one of the numerous parks of the city. On several instances while the party were making their way homeward, and were walking along the crest of a hill, that great beam of light swept by, in its passage being fully directed on the little group of people; it swept clear by, then halted and was swung back until its rays were full upon us. here it was centered,

and as we walked forward it kept pace with us, thus rendering us fully visible to those who manipulated the light.

The searchlight was the concentrated energy of perhaps thousands of ordinary sixteen-candle power lights all directed in one beam. And this made visible all that came in its path. A mind that is concentrated upon a given object, with its full power and energy thereon, illumines the subject until it becomes plainly visible in its every detail, and knowledge of the given thing is attained. This is the mental "Searchlight."

This never can be done, if the individual's brains are scattered over too wide an area, or, in other words, if his mental energy is scattered in every direction at once. We cannot have the aid of the mental searchlight unless we have directed the full energy of the myriad "related" thought currents with which we come in contact—and of which we make daily use—into one concentrated beam. Then we can see clearly, and each strong mental current adds to itself still more power until we have become practical masters of self.

In the philosophy of living the greatest thing is to have a definite aim—an object for which to labor, and what object is more worthy of our labor than—Humanity; and what specimen of humanity must be studied and known thoroughly before we can be of use to Man? Our individual self, is it not? Then, primarily, the object in life in this case is to fully and adequately understand the inherent powers of self, and so develop them that we become a dynamo of living energy whose object is the individual and collective development of the human.

To realize power—and use it with honor—is the greatest achievement of the Soul; to know Truth....is to know....God; to radiate love....and power, is to become as....God.

Ignorance....is the fundamental principle of all evils, physical and mental....Get Knowledge!....Know Thyself!

This means that we must become familiar with our prevalent mental attitude; that we must analyze our every thought—every current that passes through the channel of the mind. We must study the relationship of the act we have done to the thought we have held. Thus: when I did such an act what was my mental attitude? What was the shape of the thought or desire that preceded the act? And after thinking along certain lines, what was the condition of my body? Did I feel weakened? was there a condition of lassitude and fatigue, or did I feel refreshed, revived and strong? If I did not feel stronger, more free and buoyant there is need of alteration in my mental habit.

Every thought will do either one of two things, i. e., make you

feel stronger, with more energy than before—this is constructive—or weaker, with less power to resist than previously—and this is destructive. Every one—who is at all observant—knows the extreme depression that usually follows the fag end of a paroxysm of anger, hatred, bigotry and prejudice. This in itself is indicative of the weakening, destructive nature of such thought elements.

We may regulate and direct this mental energy as we will; we may determine to associate only with such thought elements as are productive of the sense of strength and power if we so desire; and we may select the mental atoms with as much care as we select the materials with which to construct any kind of an edifice. But, we must never **fear** if we would do all of this, for: "Fear has lost more battles than courage ever won."

The tenacity with which we cling to the mental picture of the thing desired is the thing which determines the extent of our success in regulating the mental flow, as that it is which gives shape and color to our acts. To illustrate:

A young man in the West, with whom the writer worked, was one day shown a picture of something that occurs in the lowest circles of human life. First he doubted, but he clung to the mental impression of that picture until the thing was actually evolved in his own life—in other words, he, by persistently clinging to that mental picture, finally materialized the thought into objective reality, and his life followed along the lines thereof. Had he refused to consider the image at all the effect would have been entirely different.

If I were asked what I considered the most important factor in the unfoldment or development and success of the individual, I would unhesitatingly say: become a mental searchlight; turn the full force of your mentality upon a given thing—something that would make for physical and mental advancement—then, with a tenacity which defies interference, keep it there until it has become so firmly implanted in the consciousness as to be impervious to all attacks; then, and then only, swing the ray of the searchlight along until it rests full upon the next desired thought or object, and hold it there until you have evolved that into such tangible reality that nothing can avail against it.

Realize that **truth belongs to you**; you have an inalienable right to enough of it to make you **whole**.

Truth can never be confined in a book; the Bible has never been made which is large enough to contain all the revelations of God. Each thing—each Soul is a page from the Bible of the Universe....Read thou thy first page....which is....Self.

God....Nature....The Great Over-Soul...., has not ceased

speaking to mankind but continues to tell the story of power and life eternal through "inspirations' voice"; and to explain the mysteries—which are mysteries only so long as we are in ignorance thereof—and still whispers fervently of the possibilities of life, through the voice of every flower and tree....the zephyrs which fan our cheek....the storm which reigns supreme, or....the emotions of the Soul Divine....Listen, comrade, listen!

Look about you and take a hold of this. See everywhere the materialization of the mental picture into objective reality; look at the products of nature as the evolvement of the mental picture somewhere in the realm of thought in which the Eternal reigns supreme. Then "go thou and do likewise." Say to yourself all that power is **MINE**.

Don't say "I'm well"—don't make affirmations and then give them the lie by your conduct. That is not constructive thinking. Make your affirmation true by **conforming to the law**; live in harmony with the law and you will create. The true man or woman has **absolute control of every atom of the body**. How far do you fall short of that, friend?

Out West they are reclaiming vast, arid farm plots, by means of irrigation. I have watched them, many times, open the gates, at certain farms, which would turn the stream into the many little ditches which formed a perfect network over that farm; result: crops that were a joy to the man who harvested them.

This universe is a vast ocean of thought; there are supply pipes laid wherever man is; and sometimes right on the main supply lines there are arid deserts—human souls asleep—which might be reclaimed and made wonderfully prolific in good. The owners of these plots,—the mind or consciousness,—have in their possession the key which will unlock the gate and turn a full flood of vivifying thought liquid through the network of tiny supply lines, with the result the same as above, i. e., crops that are a joy to the one who harvests them. The key is the desire to grow—to become—to have knowledge and power. To evolve the real man. It is all there, but **you must open the gate**.

We boast: "Man is the epitome of the Universe." Do we know what that means? What can it mean but that every chemical in the laboratory of nature has its prototype within us? We are a "Chemical Laboratory," the Soul a Chemist. All that hath been is in us. A Socrates, a Plato, a Cicero, a Buddha and an Emerson or a Christ. What will you do with it? What with them?

Realize: We perceive truth as fast as we grow up to it—as we make it a part of ourselves—as we bring it out of ourselves.

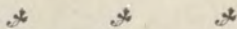
Truth is ever practical—only falsehood is impractical. Truth ever leads men aright—only falsehood leads men into the bogs of doubt, and makes of him a victim to the waves of sacerdotalism, dogmatism and superstition.

Fear is the antithesis of power.

Faith is the compound of knowledge and hope.

Courage and faith—illuminated faith—is the foundation of progress and power, and—

Growth is Victory.



"'Tis better to trust and be deceived—than to suspect and be mistaken."—John Hare.

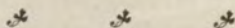
"May Love, Wisdom, Truth and Knowledge be vouchsafed to every reader of The Occult."—N. H. Eddy.

"Divine love has always met and always will meet every human need."—Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Idle fingers create mischief for the brain.

If thoughts are things what unlimited power the human mind controls.

Work is nothing but play; it is worry that makes us old.



THERE IS NOTHING THE HUMAN WILL CAN NOT ATTAIN.

Within nine miles of Marion, Ind., there lives Charles Mapes, a wool buyer. Some time recently, while engaged in painting his barn, Mr. Mapes (who is a devout Christian Scientist) slipped and fell from the ladder, breaking his wrist. Refusing all proffered aid from friends and doctors, he placed his arm in a sling without even a splint, and saying: "It is only a 'belief,'" went his way, and in two or three weeks was as well as ever. This was related to the writer by friends who know the gentleman well and can vouch for its truth.



THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK CABIN

A Story of Nome.

By May Kellogg Sullivan.

(Continued.)

Written for THE OCCULT.

IT was midnight. A perfect storm of grief had just spent itself and left me weak and weary. I threw myself, with a heavy sigh, into the depths of the lounging chair.

What was that? A bit of beautiful yellow light floated gracefully above Olga's head. With a fast-beating heart I watched it from my resting place. It grew in size, and increased in height, gradually assuming the form of my darling, a complete counterpart of the one lying before me in the soft blue gown. The face, the golden braids, the fingers, and the wedding ring were all there, completed by a smile so heavenly that I gazed as one transfixed.

This, then, was Olga, and not a stray beam of light which had struggled through the curtain.

The graceful form quivered in the intense silence.

"Olga!" I cried, stretching out my arms towards her in an ecstasy of gladness.

"Dear Victor! Have no fear. I will come again," the voice was Olga's and full of love as ever.

With that the beautiful yellow light began slowly to fade, the form of my beloved melted into a haze which drifted gradually upward and out of my sight.

Her promise was fulfilled.

CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed, during which the fall rains set in and I was working as hard as ever; not so much in a feverish desire for the gold I was taking out of the ground; but because work helped me forget my sorrow. I did not cease to think hourly of Olga, but I wished to put behind me the shock of her sudden leave-taking, and remember the fact that she was still mine as much as ever; that she was constantly about me, and would come to me whenever I called her. My all-absorbing love for her I could not—did not wish to put away from me. I had loved her so devotedly that I envied the passing breeze which played among the loose locks of her hair on her forehead. I had envied the dust of the road as it clung to her feet, because it could remain so near her; and I longed to become the atmosphere she breathed, that I might live a part of her very physical being. This sort of love never dies because it is a part of one's constitution and subconsciousness and cannot be eradicated.

I grew more and more silent. I was physically well and strong, but looked forward from morning until night to going home to my cabin and Olga's in order to get a glimpse of her dear face once more. Each evening when my lonely supper had been eaten I turned the key of the adjoining cabin door, carefully locking it behind me. From the outer place I entered the room which was now a sacred spot. A solitary candle gave all the light required. Lifting the section of flooring upon which had been placed two strong hinges, a few turns of the mechanical contrivance brought up from below the narrow bed in which the earthly form of Olga rested, securely covered by clear and heavy glass.

In my low lounging chair I sat for hours beside her, I told her of my love which would remain forever the same; I reminded her of her pledges of constancy, reviving instances of our past lives, even bringing to my mind bright bits of pleasantries which had been habitual to her while here.

At times I placed my cheek upon the icy glass as near to hers as possible, whispering words of love—always of my great love which like a deep and flowing well, refused to be stopped.

At last one evening I leaned back in my easy chair, wearied and saddened because of the stillness.

Closing my eyes, I stretched out my arms towards the casket.

A slight shiver passed through my frame, my arms dropped, my head sank upon my breast.

Olga had come.

In the brightest and purest imaginable light she stood, bending towards me with a radiantly happy smile upon her face.

"Victor," she said softly, "don't worry so much, dear, you will make yourself ill. Believe me you will soon cease to do this for you will know the better way and find real happiness. I know that this trial has been very hard indeed for you to bear, but you must allow me to assist you oftener. You have only to call "Olga," and I will come immediately. You will see me if you close your eyes, no matter where you are. Will not this comfort you, darling?" and I felt the light pressure of her hand upon my head.

Oh, the joy of it all once more!

"Yes, dear heart, yes, and I will try to follow your directions; but tell me, Olga, do you still love me as well as before you went away?"

"Victor, dear Victor, believe me, I love you far better than ever before, because I see how and where you need me. Tomorrow night I will talk longer with you and explain many things you do not know. Trust me, Victor, try to be happy, and now sleep, or you will be unfitted for tomorrow. I must say good-night, dear."

"Kiss me, Olga, before you go!" I cried, still with an unutterable longing for her who was a part of my very soul.

With that she silently touched her soft, cool lips to mine for an instant, and was gone.

I then awoke.

For a moment I felt dazed. I looked about me. The lighted candle was sputtering itself out in its socket, fitfully darting a thin and feeble flame upward into the darkness. My mouth was parched and dry—I must have water.

Carefully I lowered the blue robed form to its resting place, adjusted the cover, locked the door behind me, and crept back into my cabin to sleep.

Time passed. With a young lover's regularity at the side of his sweetheart I visited my dear one in the little cabin beside my own. Casting about in my mind how to make the place appropriate to the purpose for which it was now used, and at the same time be somewhat more comfortable, I had covered the walls of Olga's cabin both inside and out with heavy black paper, well calculated to keep out the wind. Upon the ceiling of the front room hung silvered stars which shone brightly, and with a fitfulness not all unnatural in the flickering candle light. In one corner of the outer room there still

remained the heap of earth and gravel taken from the spot where Olga's body now rested. The rainy season was far advanced and before many days the snow and ice would be here for long and weary months. My mining would then be over until another summer. I had been successful beyond my dreaming and could afford to rest, but I dreaded the tediousness and loneliness of winter.

One evening while talking with Olga from the depths of the easy chair, she standing beside me as usual, enveloped in the lovely yellow light, I told her of my awful dread of the winter just approaching, and the pity that I had no work with which to pass the time; ending by asking if she could not suggest something.

With a little laugh, she answered that she could.

"Tell me then, dear, what it is. Will you?"

"Yes, pan out the dirt and gravel in the next room. You will be repaid," and again I distinctly heard the gentle laugh as if she were enjoying a pleasantry.

"What?" said I in astonishment. Do you mean that it contains gold?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then this cabin and others stand upon rich gold-bearing ground?"

"Yes."

With that she had bidden me good night, and disappeared. I roused myself immediately and procuring a gold pan from my cabin I used it for a few hours to good advantage.

What I found corroborated Olga's statement. The ground was rich; and she was sleeping in a bed literally lined with gold. There was wheat gold as well as dust and small nuggets. In my agony of mind at her sudden death it had never occurred to me while digging that the gravel might contain anything of value; but it was plain to me now. Only for my darling I would surely have shoveled the dirt thoughtlessly outside where someone might have made the discovery to my own injury. She had done me a good turn surely, again fulfilling the promise of assistance made before her going away.

Not long afterwards she demonstrated to me a new fact, and that was that she could call me to assist her if occasion required; and it happened in the following way:

It was raining and past midnight. Being one of the last rainstorms before the regular freezeup, it was proving to us there was no shortage of water in the clouds which seemed wide open, and it was pouring in torrents. For four hours I had been using the pick and shovel in the frozen gravel under the adjoining cabin and had

finally gone to sleep, lulled by the noise of the regularly falling rain upon the roof.

Suddenly I awoke with a start.

"Victor, come quickly!"

It was the voice of Olga and I sprang from my bed instantly. Striking a match, and getting into my clothing as rapidly as possible I made my way through the storm into the next cabin. It was then but a moment's work to lift Olga's casket to the floor from its icy bed beneath. As I did so a small stream of water burst its way through below the flooring and began pouring over the side of the excavation, at the bottom of which only a moment before had rested Olga's casket.

Like a flash I understood the situation. The small trench around the cabin had filled with water and become obstructed, while the heavy rain had saturated the surface of the ground, swelling the little stream beyond the capacity of its banks. I immediately ran out of doors to make a search for the obstruction, which, once removed, allowed the water to pass away as before. A small clump of grass and sticks had found lodgment, having been swept there by the unusual amount of falling water and in less time than it takes to write it, the mortal remains of my darling would have been flooded, had it not been for her warning and my prompt response. To clean out the small amount of water which had entered while I hastily worked at the trench was short work, and my gratitude to Olga was beyond my words to express.

With these and other incidents was my life henceforth made up. For months I spent several hours each day with the pick or shovel in my hands. I bought the adjoining cabins with the lots upon which they stood, thereby continuing my work of thoroughly prospecting the ground even after finishing that upon which Olga's house stood. Following my practice of working during the midnight hour when most people were asleep, the indistinct noise of my pick in the frozen gravel below the floors aroused no one; though I once overheard two belated pedestrians outside my door wondering from what quarter the noise of the picking and shoveling came. No light was allowed to betray my whereabouts as a single tallow candle placed low in my prospect hole beneath the floor told no tales; and once hearing the sound of voices in the street my labors instantly ceased.

After a few weeks it was whispered about the camp that strange noises proceeded from the mysterious black cabin at midnight and later that the same uncanny sounds seemed farther away. Only a few persons had ever heard them, and they assured their friends that

the vicinity was a good one to keep away from at night time; the latter advice pleasing me quite as well as it did them.

For this reason I was never disturbed; and if more and more left to myself by my neighbors I was not displeased, as it suited my frame of mind best to be alone with my own thoughts—and Olga.

Many months now passed. My life was a very quiet one, the most enjoyable hours to me being the ones spent in converse with Olga. Gradually she pointed out to me the fact that my life was now a selfish one. I was feeding upon memories of dear bygone days, but allowing the present to slip unimproved away. She wondered if I could not arouse myself to some good purpose in life and take a hand at scattering bright bits of happiness that might console some lonely hearts who had less of comfort than myself.

She thought it possible that I, with the wealth which I had been rapidly accumulating in Alaska, could assist in much good work. For the poor and needy if I were so inclined. She wished me at least to ponder it well over, she said, and see if I did not think I would find more happiness and contentment in living henceforth unselfishly, with more thought for others and less for myself. "Because," she added naively, "you see I am always to look after you with warnings and guidance, and I shall certainly not allow your interests to suffer while you take a turn at assisting others.

All this seemed reasonable, and I did not doubt her in the least. I had often during the long winter evenings felt the twinges of conscience concerning my mode of life; and again, as Olga had, without doubt, greatly assisted and encouraged me in amassing my fortune so she had some right to decide what should be done with a part of it, and I gradually came to her way of thinking.

In talking about these things we spent many happy hours. The mysteries of the unseen had been opened up to me to such an extent by my wife that there was no longer any doubt, uncertainty or fear in my mind. My faith was implicit; the silence into which I was allowed to go in order to meet her who as still the joy of my life, now held no terrors for me; but was instead, the haven of refuge to which I could fly at the appearance of every fresh trial. It mattered not what was their nature, whether relating to my moods, my health, or my gold claims; consolation was always awaiting me. From the first she had made it very plain that though she was to act as my near guide and helper, the great force behind her was the all-powerful. One, under whose benignant eye she, with innumerable others, was closely associated. No part of the old teaching which I had received when a child at my mother's knee was to be uprooted or displaced by our recent experiences; they could still.

be retained while this new inner life of ours was simply added thereto; like the tender and flourishing shoot sent out by the parent stem of a tree.

After a long conversation with Olga one evening upon these subjects before bidding me good-night, she said brightly:

"Would you like to have a taste of our celestial music, Victor dear? You know we are delightfully blessed in this respect. Beyond this sweet borderland it is much more enjoyable, but we grow accustomed to things by degrees, you know. I believe you will like our music. Listen!" she held up a warning finger, after I had signified assent.

A moment later I heard faintly in the distance a chorus of voices exquisitely beautiful and well modulated, coming nearer as I continued to listen. The singers were many, but so perfect was the rhythm and harmony that I dared not breathe for fear of losing some part of the beautiful song. Not only so, but the accompanying orchestra faithfully upheld and completed the symphony which rose and fell with crescendos and diminuendoes more glorious as the chorus pealed louder and nearer. I was listening in sheer delight and with each nerve tingling, when a dear familiar voice began in obligato, so clearly and sweetly that the tears sprang into my eyes:

"Have love; not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all."

The singer was Olga, who now joined the others while slowly retreating to the sweet borderland; not however, until they had scattered whole showers of beautiful many colored roses at my feet, the delicious fragrance of which remained with me for many hours.

With a deep sigh of regret at their departure, but not without hope that I would again hear this sweet celestial band, I awoke, fully determined to act upon the advice of Olga, living for, and loving others first, myself afterwards. This I have found to be the secret of the happy life now being lived by the dear angel who formerly dwelt in the "Mysterious Black Cabin," but who now resides close to the Great White Throne.

[THE END.]

I Wonder.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

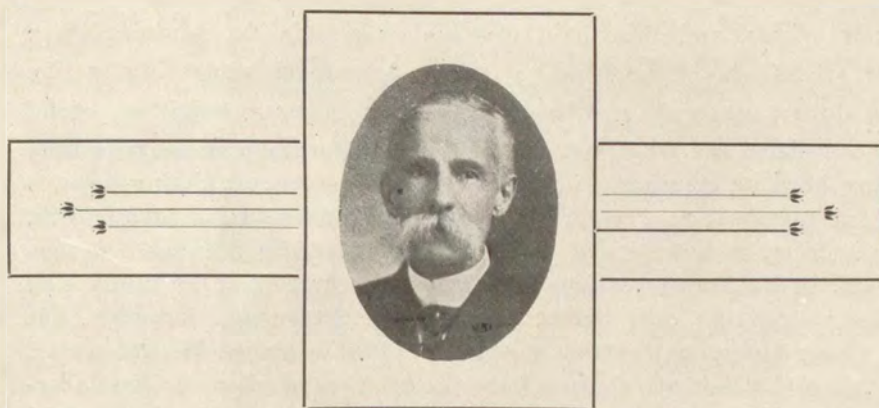
I have often asked the question:
Did you love your father, true?
Was he kind and loving, gentle?
Were his eyes of sweetest blue?

Did you love him in your childhood?
Was he all in all to you?
Did he tell you how he loved you?
Do you think that he was true?

Did you always love your mother?
Was she always good and true?
Would she always share her pleasures?
Did she always think of you?

Can you feel her loving kisses?
Hear her lullaby at night?
Do you think that she is near you?
Did she teach you to do right?

You are wondering why I'm asking
'Bout the angel you call mother;
But, alas! I'm like poor "Topsy"—
"I grewed, just like any udder."



THE RELATION AND INFLUENCE OF THE ZODIAC AND STARS UPON HUMAN LIFE.

By N. H. Eddy.

(Continued.)

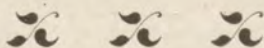
Written for THE OCCULT.

In the further consideration of the above topic, I would say that there is much relative to same that is of interest to humanity, yet there are many people in the daily walks of life, avocations and human existences who little dream or think that the stars and planetary system have any effect or influence upon them or that the combination of these stellar forces in nature's great laboratory have a bearing or directing influence in shaping the destiny or experiences of their lives; nevertheless it is one of the great truths that Nature gives expression to in the lives of human beings as they are launched into the great field of existence on this mundane sphere, and in accord with the magnetic and electric forces stamped upon each human life at birth when they draw in the first breath of life there is given to the native born, a characteristic condition which does much towards mapping out the destiny, traits, capabilities or future possibilities of each child or human life born into earth sphere of existence; hence is it not of value, both to the child and parent, to know something of these principles in nature's forces, for in accord with the harmony or inharmony of the planetary vibrations and their combinations that are polarized or centered upon the birth-point, as per the day, hour, month and year of birth, so to a great extent will be the destiny or possibilities of life's experiences and expressions. It is oftentimes noticed that some individuals move along in life with but a little friction, and success seems to mark most of

their efforts, and they gain prestige or popularity, whereas there are others who struggle and strive to accomplish something in life, yet do not attain the results of their more fortunate neighbor, friend or associate, and why is it thus? One great reason is because they were born or come into life while there was the conflicting aspects of the planets that were in relation to their individual point of birth, or in what is termed evil aspect, one planet with another. It was noted in the former article, that it had been learned by study and observation that each planet has its own nature and influence. It is also a fact in nature that when a hot iron is placed in cold water, steam and vapor arise; so is it in the relation of planetary combinations or vibrations, because some of these planets are of beneficial influence, while some others are of an unfavorable nature; then, as each planet comes into certain degrees or aspect with some other planet, each one having their mode of motion and revolutions, moving by what is termed transit or passing through the different signs of the Zodiac, so in accord with the nature of aspect and combination of forces in action, so are the results noted as of a harmonious or inharmonious expression. Also the Zodiac in its various divisions give testimony of either fiery, airy, watery or earthy significations; also, as afore stated, these divisions have reference to different sections of the human organism, and to the student of these stellar forces and the Zodiac, the solar anatomy gives reference to the human organism with feet standing in the sign Pisces; also the remaining portions of body are encircled in the Zodiac, and the Head in sign Aries. The following are termed the movable or cardinal and mental signs, Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn; then comes what is termed the fixed or vital signs, Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius; next the common or in other words the negative or neutral signs, Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces. These also have phrenological as well as physiological significance, hence with the passing of these planetary forces in their periodical movements and revolutions do they form the aspects and combinations of their natural force, and results are made manifest in accord with their natures, like the hot iron and cold water or the cold iron and cold water, harmonious or otherwise, as the case may be, and in effect upon the human lives of every individual born, belief or disbelief in nature's forces does not stop the action or reaction as indicated by the planetary revolutions and the data of each native birth. There is also noted some other significations which have reference to the Zodiac and relative points in life, though perhaps not considered or recognized by all astrologers; nevertheless, there is noted in reference to the first three signs in the Zodiac that which refers to hearts

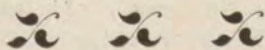
or the quarter of Love, the second quarter or fourth, fifth and sixth signs as Clubs or the quarter of intelligence and wisdom, following these come Libra, Scorpio and Sagittarius, as Diamonds, the quarter of wealth, the last three signs Capricorn, Aquarius and Pisces, as spades or quarter of Labor.

Through the magnetic and vibratory forces at birth, some achieve financial success, while others labor and struggle, as it were, to gain the needs pertaining to the physical existence; some are born with a mental will and determination, while others do not have same, some are born with a natural love of scientific research, others have it not; some are born with a love of the intellectual or musical and artistic lines, while others do not care so much for same, but are born to labor and achieve what ere they can; each one is but giving more or less the expression of the natural forces of nature as related to them by the magnetic impress of the universal laws of life, which act upon all human beings. My study and observation in the lines of these planetary forces has convinced and proven to me the truths of their influence upon human life, so it will be proven to others if they but sincerely study and observe the nature of these Zodiacal and stellar forces and, like Kepler, it will instruct and compel their most unwilling belief.



"The meaning of evil has been through all the ages one of the unanswerable problems of philosophy. As a philosophical problem it will always remain without answer. But as a fact of science, evil is simply uncompleted good."—

David Starr Jordan.





A GLIMPSE OF ARABIA.

By an Arabian.

Written for THE OCCULT.

As you requested, I will try to answer the many questions you ask in regard to my people and our religion, and I hope you will bear with me if I make mistakes, for I am only a boy and know very little of the English language, but I will do my best.

My name is Mohamad Ben Abdallah, which, when translated into English, reads, Mohamad Son of Abdallah, Abdallah being my father's first name. I was born in Susu, Arabia, am sixteen years old, and an acrobat by profession. I was brought to America in 1901 by an Arab whose business it is to employ the best talent he can find in his own country, ship them to America and sublet them to other companies, thus making me only ten years old when I left my country and came to this strange land and its people. I can never tell you how I longed for home and mother, to once more look upon the land of my birth, to see again the beautiful valleys and majestic mountains lit by the beauty of a tropical sun, for nowhere do you see a sunlight like the Arabian sunlight, and our climate is the same all the time. We have very little rain, only once in two or three months, lasting two or three days. We raise everything there that you do here, and I think the vegetables are much finer.

We are Mohamedans in our religion. We believe in a heaven, but only the ministers go there; we do not believe the minister dies and goes to heaven, but he is carried up to heaven without dying. We believe all ministers go there, no matter to what faith they belong. Certainly, we accept Jesus; he was a minister, but we do not believe he was crucified to save man. I believe Jesus is in heaven because he was a minister.

But when I die, I am dead; I cannot go to heaven; only ministers go there. We believe, also, that man does not have to die; he can live forever; if he will just pray to the gods they will care for him, feed and clothe him. We believe everything we find the gods gave it to us. If I go out on the street and find a dollar I believe God gave it to me. God sometimes gives to the minister a gold ring, which will keep him from want.

Friday is our Sabbath; we have no churches in our country, every man stays in his own home and passes the day in prayer.

How do we bury our dead? Not as you do here. When a man dies in Arabia he is washed all over in hot water and the body wrapped in strips of white muslin and taken to the graveyard in the woods and put in the ground without a box like you have here.

The priest, who is not so high as a minister, puts them in the ground while the minister talks all the time from God, and the grave is marked with a little stone at head and foot.

The reason why we always wear our caps: In our country we are taught that if we remove our caps to a lady, or when we go to the table, we offend our gods; therefore we never remove our caps in the presence of a lady.

It is also a disgrace for the face of a lady to be seen by man after she is fifteen years old until she is married—then only by the husband. The face is always covered by a thick veil; only the eyes being visible. We have no old maids there; every lady gets married.

Which country do I like best? My own; my country and my people are not like yours; we do not have the long, cold winters like you have here.

The disagreeable feature of my stay in America is I am often taken for a colored man—why? I don't look one bit like a colored man. My complexion is not black, but brown. The black man is a slave in Arabia. Yes, I have grown many shades lighter since I came to America.

Railroads are unknown in Arabia; traveling is done entirely with camels and horses. What is known as a fast traveling camel, if he is not loaded too heavily, will outdistance your swiftest train, and the finest horses in the world are the Arabian horses.

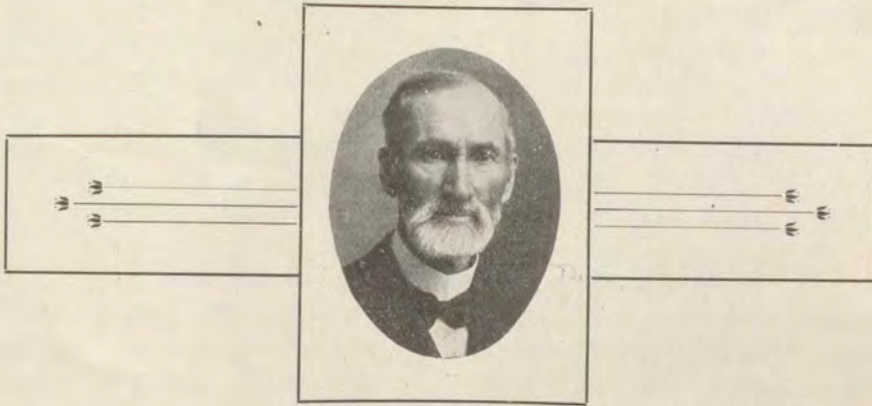
Our table manners are far different from yours—knives and forks are unknown. I expect to return home next summer and shall carry some of these useful articles with me.

One of our favorite dishes for dinner is the Arabian stew; it is composed of all kinds of vegetables, including raisins, sweet oil, butter, red pepper, lemons, green peppers and olives all chopped fine; it is then put into a kettle with a good-sized piece of nanny goat meat and cooked without water, just the juice of the fruits and vegetables. When it is done it is poured into a large bowl and when cool it is set in the center of the table and the whole family sit around and with the thumb and two fingers dip in and eat.

The funniest thing that has happened to me since I came to this country was when our manager showed us a phonograph for the first time. It sang in Arabian and I thought there was another Arab inside of it.

Where Is Heaven?

They tell me heaven is up above,
They tell me heaven is out there,
They tell me heaven is all around,
But, alas! they never tell me where.



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

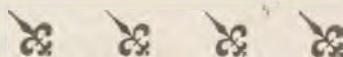
By Lyman C. Howe.

Written for THE OCCULT.

Emanuel Swedenborg was one of the most remarkable men in history. The whole trend of his character is condensed in his own words thus: "From my fourth to my tenth year my thoughts were constantly engrossed by reflections on God, on salvation and on the Spiritual affections of man." What a revelation! A boy of four years old studying the highest and deepest problems that can engage the intellect of man. Why was this boy so different from other boys? I had almost said from **all** other boys. But possibly there may be some exceptions. I remember that at the age of 8 years my mind was much occupied upon salvation and damnation, the coming end of the world—then believed by many to be near at hand—death and the Devil, eternity and the doom that might land me in a "Lake of fire and brimstone that burneth forever and ever." But I do not recall any reflections upon the "Spiritual affections of man." My chief anxiety was to postpone death, and escape the "wrath to come." Of the reality of the pictures of horror that awaited all of the unredeemed I had no doubt. Hell was a literal physical lake of fire and brimstone from which there could be no escape for any who once entered the Devil's domains. To doubt this reality was

to assure my doom as a victim. Hence I was afraid to doubt. It was a great sin against God. But all of these things may be directly referred to heredity and early teachings. This, too, doubtless explains the tendencies of Swedenborg's youthful mind. His father at the time of his birth was chaplain to a regiment of cavalry. Afterwards he became a professor of theology in the University of Upsal. In 1719 Jesper Swedenborg was elevated to the bishopric of Skara in West Gothland. "His character stood high in Sweden. Simple, patriotic and honest, he was, without being brilliant, a learned and industrious man." He wrote voluminously. His diary makes this record: "I can scarcely believe that anybody in Sweden has written so much as I have done; since I think ten carts could scarcely carry away what I have written and printed at my own expense, and yet there is much, yea nearly as much, not printed." This may sound a little extravagant; but the literary industry of some men is astonishing to the uninitiated, and shows what one life may contain and express, even in the short span of four score years. The religious qualities so strongly marked in Swedenborg's family antecedents are doubtless responsible for his spiritual susceptibility, and may account for the dominant characteristic of his later writings. In the order of Nature the superior follows and builds upon the primitive and inferior expressions of evolution. The religious and spiritual instincts transmitted from his parents are indicated in the account he gives of his meditations at the age of four to ten years. But the ripened harvest of his inheritance did not appear in its full fruition until he was past the meridian of earth-life, when his spiritual nature was touched and directed by the Angels, and his wonderful clairvoyance astounded the scholarly critics of the world. His voluminous writings upon "The true Christian religion," the "Apocalypse Revealed," and other elaborate volumes indicate his great industry as well as his profound research, and spiritual illumination. But the coloring of his theological inheritance and religious training is plainly impressed upon his spiritual discoveries, visions and revelations. His sincerity and truthfulness cannot be fairly questioned. But if he really saw the scenes he describes in the hells, and his views of the Lord as the "one Divine man," and heaven in the form of the human body, with all its organs and parts, how could he mistake what he saw? Spiritualists believe in him as a great seer, a wonderful medium and a truthful man. Yet we do not accept his account of three heavens and three hells, and the various other accounts that he gives upon the authority of his clairvoyance and his conversations with the Angels. How, then, can we reconcile our faith in the man and his clairvoyance, and our doubts, or disbelief

in some of the most prominent of his teachings? It would make this article too long to undertake the analysis here and now; and I will reserve that for another writing. The writings of Swedenborg have done much to modify the faith and doctrines of the church. His reasonings may be detected in much of modern sermonizing, and his spiritual revelations furnish a sort of half-way house between the old theology and Modern Spiritualism. Swedenborg, John Wesley, Dr. Adam Clark—the noted author of Bible Commentaries—were all Spiritualists; but their theology was distinct, and their different creeds were not the fruit of the new revelation, but factors in the evolution of thought from the ancient beginnings. All variations are parts of the “stupendous whole.” The aim and effort of each is improvement, and each shares in the necessary work, and in the sweet bye-and-bye all differences will be reconciled, and all mysteries exposed to the genial light of truth and progressive human nature in fraternal co-operation and harmonic love.



AGREEMENT IN DIFFERENCE.

By Yram Eeznil Yroma.

Written for THE OCCULT.

The story of the two travelers who, meeting at a statue bearing a shield, the two sides of which were of different materials, and who each seeing but one side, quarreled, each declaring for what *he* saw and denying the findings of the other, made long years ago a deep impression upon a child's mind, and the child was made to realize that there was always more than one side to everything. He tried, crudely and feebly at first, but honestly and earnestly, to see other sides of things than that first presenting itself, and as time went on his efforts were more and more successful, his view widened, his perceptions grew keener, his judgment more balanced, his sympathies truer. He found that first impressions, if unprejudiced, unbiased, give, accurately as a rule, the general outline, the contour, but later intercourse or observation fills in the details. He found that no mind sees all there is, and what each sees is what is seen from that one's

viewpoint, but does not include necessarily what is to be seen from another's standpoint, unless that other's standpoint has already been his, in which case and by which means to that extent is his horizon broadened, until in time he climbs too high for circumscription and stands on the mountain top from which he sees all about and below him in true perspective.

In the old days there were thumb-screws for those who did not see as some self-constituted authority saw, self-appointed judges who dared to "take the name of God" by posing as God's messengers, mouthpieces, vicegerants, when by the very narrowness, bigotry and cruelty of their judgments the "taking of the name" was proved "in vain," a forgery, a usurpation. Why should the commandment "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" be given such importance if it did not mean something vital to the welfare and well being of the race, something deeper than the use of "swear words" by naughty little boys, and equally ignorant adults? It is God alone who has the right of judgment, for God alone knows each human heart, and where each soul stands, because it is the divine nature in the individual that makes the growth, the progress, that leads each one of us to whatever viewpoint may be ours at any given time. The way is the same for all, but our diversities are the stages of progress made along the way; our viewpoints change as we progress, and we cannot see exactly the same perspective that another sees unless we are at the same stage of progress along the path. Therefore it is impossible unless we have arrived at the goal of the divinely perfect to judge others either to condemn or to command them to accept ours as the only true perspective. For, if being yet imperfect, we do so condemn or command, we become pretenders, an imposture far more dangerous than any other type, because by it we attempt to usurp divine rights while yet so imperfect as not to know how to use them; to steal and wield the thunderbolts of Jove while but tyros in the knowledge of the handling, uses and dangers of thunderbolts; to drive the chariot of the sun while children in ignorance of the difficulties and perils of such driving, to foolishly walk "where angels fear to tread."

To teach what we have learned, to guide along paths we have really trod, to comfort as we have been comforted, this we have a right to do, and this is our duty to do, provided we are willing to leave the results to the law of fruition, and to be willing to accord to each soul to whom we may minister the right of selection of what they need and the rejection of what they are not yet ready for, knowing that the divine in them will select more wisely for them than we could. A thing is not less true because some mind is unable at

a given time to see it in the same way that we do; they may have such a narrow outlook that they see but little of what our broader view gives us, getting a different aspect of truth altogether. Or they may have an outlook so much broader, and a viewpoint so much higher than ours that our glimpsing may be inadequate for their instruction or enlightenment. We are all student-teachers, learning of those wiser than we, instructing those not yet where we are; none are so ignorant that they cannot teach something to someone more ignorant, nor so wise that they cannot learn from others. It is an endless chain of instruction and progress, and the more sympathetic we are with all who are less advanced the more we can help them; and the more honest we are with ourselves and modest in the estimate of our attainments the more open are we to instruction from those who know more than we. Evolution is the universal law of expression; the unfolding from within by slow gradations and gentle transitions till the involved spirit stands forth in perfect manifestation. All phases of religious thought are expressions of and aids to man's progress upward, each standing for some stage of growth, and helping someone, though no one phase reaches everyone, save only that universal religion which contains all and is the indwelling spirit of all, the religion of perfect *being*. But as the lesser, in manifesting must precede the greater, therefore the perfect religion can only be attained by a perfected humanity, which perfecting is accomplished but slowly, step by step, stage by stage.

The Mosaic law, well adapted to the people and time it served was a higher manifestation of law than that preceding it, and helped the world to evolve still further, preparing the way for a higher teaching to follow. Then came Jesus, not to destroy the preceding law, but to fulfill it, to fill it full, to broaden and deepen and enrich it by adding to it the fuller law of *being*, which includes and comprehends the law of *doing*. By this later, fuller teaching it was not enough to do right, it was necessary to think, to feel and to be right also. It was not sufficient to refrain from murder, or adultery, but one must refrain also from feeling murder or adultery in the heart, and thinking anger, hatred and lust. The world, first taught the literal law of right action, by the uplifting influence of long obedience to it is prepared in time for the apprehension of the deeper meaning of law, the inner soul and animating Spirit of Apprehension precedes comprehension, and the more inner and spiritual a teaching the more difficult is it to make apprehension of it evolve comprehension, to transcend doing by being; therefore the long reign of the letter in Christian teachings even though Jesus forewarned that "the letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive." The Mosaic period of righteous

doing carried the world forward toward the Christian period of righteous being, a higher ideal therefore for long centuries but apprehended. That mankind should read and write and preach and even fight over this Christian ideal for nearly two thousand years and not yet *be* it would be discouraging if it did not prove the ideal a high one by the very difficulty of its attainment, for evolution though very, very sure is very, very slow.

The Spirit is at last being seen through the letter, the Divine is more recognized, the Hebrew ideal of right doing is joining hands with the Christian ideal of Spiritual being, for there is no real antagonism between them, nor between the reason and the intuition, nor between science and religion. The intuition is the path finder, the reasoning faculties the host that clear the path thus indicated, making it of practical use. The reason, as a path *finder*, is a failure, for outside the realm of intellect it is as blind as an owl by day. As an organizer, classifier, systematizer of truths brought to its notice by the intuition it is doing its true work, and no truth could be given effective and practical expression without it.

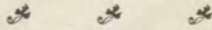
Enthroned the reason above the intuition and set its tasks beyond its powers, and there is war between them. Pegasus it in pomp. Reason is an intellectual faculty; intuition is the voice of the Spirit. In their normal relation the Spirit speaks and the reason interprets.

The world to man is full of parts of truth, sometimes in seeming meagre bits of little apparent value until grouped with other bits till there begins to take shape a design, growing, expanding as group after group is added, until we marvel at the beauty and perfection of what we see, and stand in awe before the promise of what we have yet to see.

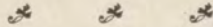
No smallest particle of the great Mosaic is valueless; not one but is necessary to the complete design; not one a discord if placed in its right relation with the whole.



The Museum.



In this department we hope to interest the Antiquarian, Pioneer, Indian, Historical and China, relic hunters.



A RELIC OF THE PAST.

By Roscoe Kiper.

Written for THE OCCULT.

To those whose interest may be aroused by the ancient and curious relics left by the early races of mankind, the piece of pottery, of which the above cut is a fair representation, will furnish ground for much speculation and play of the imagination.

This example of the artistic handiwork of some one who lived in a remote age is a hollow jar or urn, about six inches deep and nine inches in diameter, and is made from a bluish clay, finished with a smooth, glossy surface. The three rows of small holes or indentations around the top or neck of the jar are evidently the attempt by the artist to adorn or beautify his work, while the small projections near the top serve the useful purpose of holding a piece

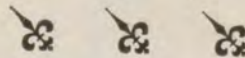
of bark or pliable wood in place, when used as a handle, by which to carry the jar.

This particular piece of pottery was taken, with several others of like character, from a mound located in southeastern Missouri.

The opening of one of these ancient burial places is a very interesting as well as instructive experience, and while some may consider it sacrilegious to disturb the quiet repose of the remains of these aborigines, that have held their silence for untold centuries, yet, were it not for those mute witnesses to man's past achievements they would be none the wiser for their having lived.

One who would recklessly delve into one of these mounds would receive but little of real value to reward him for his labors, for unless handled with great care the pottery will crumble to pieces when first taken from the earth, and in order to procure the most perfect specimens one must choose a time when the ground is softened by rain and by the use of a small iron rod, carefully locate the relics, which are usually not more than three or four feet in the ground; when located the dirt must be removed from around the pieces of pottery and allowed to remain exposed to the air for some time, when they become hard and may be handled without danger of breaking.

In this way many interesting specimens may be obtained; however, most of the largest have been broken, or crushed, presumably by the earth's upheaval, which accompanied the notable earthquake occurring in that locality in 1811. A great many other interesting objects, disclosed by these excavations, give evidence that there once existed in that locality a strange race of human beings in a very low state of civilization and no doubt they lived the simple life in its purity, free from strenuousness and care. But who can tell? That might have been the very age in which man awoke from his long sleep in intellectual darkness and caught a glimmering ray of light which heralded the glorious time which was to come,—the time in which we now live. We know not what hand fashioned this silent witness that tells of man in his infancy, but it speaks from the dim and distant past, it tells of the feeble mind that created its image, of the cunning hand that fashioned its symmetrical form, of a being wherein there dwelled an atom of the beautiful and true, of a feeble moral pulse that beat to the rhythmic music of nature's dream of a soul that yearned for the light which brings eternal day.



Humanitarianism.



With loving sympathy this page is respectfully dedicated to the memory of a faithful friend—my dog.

SPEAK A KIND WORD.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

Kind words cost nothing, and are appreciated by all. When I see a man on a cold, bleak day, leap from his seat on the wagon and before leaving his team he covers them with warm blankets, tucking them snugly in to protect them from the chilling winds of winter, or when starting up a steep hill with a heavy load, he walks beside his horses, now and then, encouraging them with a kind word, at the top of the hill he halts for a few minutes giving them a chance to breathe, at the same time he gently strokes the slick necks of the animals, thus showing his appreciation of their efforts to please him. I feel like saying God bless that man, he loves his horses, and I am sure he loves his wife and little ones. For no man who loves his horse and dog will neglect his family.

How strange it is, there are so many people in this great big world of ours, who seem to think these animals were made for their especial purpose to feed or starve, to love or beat, just as the owner feels inclined to do. I cannot understand the man who will deliberately abuse his best friends. What a comfort it is to all lovers of these faithful animals to know that some time in the not far distant future, the practice of cruelty to the dumb brute will be abolished by the training of our school children.

Let us remember when we are unkind to or neglectful of our inferiors, we fall beneath the inferior.

The Occult will be glad to receive articles along this line of thought. Send us something good.

THE OCCULT COMMENTS.

Levi Mock says:

THE OCCULT received and it is brimful of good sense.

Mrs. E. F. Russell says:

"Received THE OCCULT. Think it just fine. Please find enclosed money order for one dollar and twenty-five cents for one year's subscription to the magazine and one set of lessons."

H. W. Richardson, Pres. New York State Association of Spiritualists, writes:

I trust the new magazine may meet with much favor and receive the support which the first number indicates it will merit. Your work is a noble one and will, I believe, give substantial results in elevating the thought of the world, as well as to bring financial returns which are necessary for such a work.

"The Mountain Pine" says:

"THE OCCULT," of Detroit, Mich., is fully up to the standard of everything in its line. Its editress, Mrs. Dan M. Davidson, and a galaxy of bright minds she has secured as contributors, are keeping it in the front rank of the journals of its kind. Price 75c per year.

"Light," of London (England), says:

"We have received the first number of a new American magazine, 'THE OCCULT.' It is published at Detroit, Mich., is edited by Mrs. Dan M. Davidson, and is priced at 10 cents. The editor's introductory note on 'Our Object' is a very womanly one. It does not suggest 'THE OCCULT' but The Humanitarian. It promises 'something uplifting, something soul-elevating, something inspiring,' and calls for kindness to animals and to all 'God's loved ones.'

It has Dr. B. F. Austin amongst its contributors, and gives us a very welcome full-page portrait of him, presenting him as a kindly but resolute man, independent and strong-willed but with a gracious strain of humor, and some music within the will. A pretty feature of the Magazine is the presentation of the portraits of several of the writers."

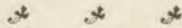
BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"The Occult Mystic" is a monthly periodical devoted to spiritualism, occult and allied sciences. Published by Arthur D. Howe, 142 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Price, \$1.00 per year.

"Idea—The Temple of Health," is a monthly magazine published by the "Temple of Health Press," 549 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

"The Nautilus" is a monthly magazine devoted to "New Thought." Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Price, \$1.00 per year.

"The Swastika—a Magazine of Triumph," devoted to the "Message of Truth and Individuality." Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, 1742 Stout St., Denver, Col. Price, \$1.00 per year.



WITH THE CHEF.

Ice Cream Cake—Two cups of white sugar, one of butter, three of flour, one and a half of sweet milk; add lastly whites of eight eggs well beaten, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. **Icing**—Whites of three eggs beaten stiff; two cups of white sugar with enough water to moisten it, boil to a syrup and pour over the eggs, and stir the mixture until nearly cold and flavor.—Mrs. Cook.

Jelly Pie—Five eggs, reserving the whites, two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of jelly and half a cup of butter beaten together; mix it all together, and bake on one crust. Beat the whites of the eggs with sugar, enough to make it as thick as icing. Spread this over the pie when it is done. If desired brown it a little in the oven.—Mrs. Green.

Lady Fingers—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup of butter beaten to a cream, three tablespoonfuls sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls baking powder, enough flour to stir with a spoon, flavor with lemon or vanilla. Flour your moulding board, take a little piece of dough, roll with your hands as large as your finger, cut off in four-inch lengths, and put closely on buttered tins.—Mrs. Warren.

Lunn—Take three pints of sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, mix by sifting; add one and a half cups of sugar, three or four well beaten eggs, one and a half pints of milk with half cup of butter melted in it; bake in a moderate oven half to three-quarters of an hour. By adding to the above two teaspoonfuls extract of lemon you will have a very nice tea cake.—Mrs. Orr.

Lemon Cake—One-half pound flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, three ounces butter, one lemon, three ounces sugar, two eggs, lemon cheese, lemon icing. Mix the baking powder and flour together, cream the butter, add the sugar and eggs, well beaten, then the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and the flour; beat well, put in a buttered tin, and bake three-fourths of an hour; when baked let it get cold, cut in three slices, spread with lemon cheese, put it together again, and cover with lemon icing.—Mrs. Abbott.

Macaroons—One cupful of hickory-nut meats pounded in a mortar, one cup of sugar, one egg and a half, and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Bake on a greased paper. Put very little in a place.—Mrs. Miller.

Nut Cake—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, three of flour, one of water, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, two cupfuls of nuts added last of all.—Mrs. Straight.

Orange or Pine Apple Pudding—Peel and cut in pieces four oranges, add one cup of sugar, and let it stand over night. Take one quart of milk, nearly boiling, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with cold milk, beaten yolks of three eggs; bring this to a boil. When cold, spread over the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs with half a cup of sugar to a stiff froth, spread over and brown. Can be eaten warm or cold.—Mrs. Russell.

Sand Tarts—Yolks of two eggs, white of one egg, three-quarters pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls milk, one pound flour. Roll thin, and after they are cut out take the remaining white of the eggs, with half a cup of granulated sugar, and flavor with a small teaspoonful of cinnamon, stirred in the whites to make a syrup, and spread a thin coating of the syrup over the top of each cake.—Mrs. Clark.

SWEETHEARTS, if you have any nice recipes for cooking without meat, send them to The Occult, so all your friends will get a taste.

We are glad to receive hints along the household line, at any time.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox, America's most famous woman writer, recommends **The Nautilus** to scores of her friends, and sends subscriptions for many others whom she thinks would be helped by it.

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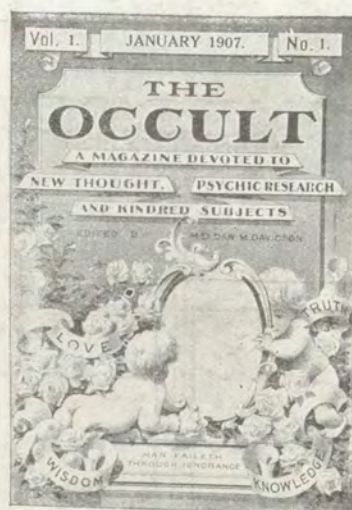
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